Volume LXIII CHICAGO, MAY 27, 1909 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TOWER HILL FOR SEASON OF 1909

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Summer School Season, July 25—August 22

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Write early for cottages or other accommodations. Address all inquiries to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, up to July 1, after this to Tower Hill, Wis. (Note the change of address.)

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VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1909 NUMBER 13

A PERSONAL WORD.

To the many friends who have responded in one way or another to personal communications sent them through the mail concerning the Unity Endowment Fund, the undersigned begs in this way to gratefully acknowledge their courtesies. Their kind words, attended or unattended, have not missed their mark, and I would be only too glad, did time and strength permit, to reciprocate in the same direct and personal manner. But I think you will understand that such pleasure is at present out of the possibilities, so he asks you to accept this general "Thank you!" and "Bless you!"

It does not seem best to burden the columns of UNITY with the details of this quest, but from time to time our readers will know the results. Suffice it at this time to say that the Fund is growing slowly but surely and that we are not discouraged, but mean to keep right on. It would be a faithless spirit indeed that would allow discouragement to interfere with this quest, in the face of such assurances of sympathy, appreciation and co-operation as comes through the mails.

Perhaps it is to be expected that a much larger proportion of the good souls bereft of worldly means should take time to send their greetings and to assure us of their fellowship, than of those who must have a margin to spare after the necessities of the personal life are met. Perhaps the number of the latter class who are interested in UNITY is phenomenally small. Sometimes we take heart from the thought that it is given to UNITY to minister to the poor chiefly, at least it is from such that we chiefly hear, but there are many kinds of poverty and we would fain reach out a brotherly hand to those who are meager in courage, in the joy of giving, in the love of service, as well as those who are meager in the resources of bread and clothing.

Perhaps in the less strenuous leisure of Tower Hill next summer I may have time to give more personal answer to your communications; perhaps you will all hear from me then as to how the battle goes. Meanwhile, may we all take courage, reach out hands to one another across the distances and keep right on.

Very gratefully yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago,
May 24, 1909.

Chicago is again passing through the humiliating experience of seeing its prominent men and leading officials subordinating to partisan loyalty the claims and sense of good citizenship. The judicial election which is to take place early in June is to elect fourteen judges for the city of Chicago. The two tickets put in the field are straight partisan tickets, and the mayor heads a procession of men who ought to know better and do better, than to urge upon voters in this high emergency *"straight party loyalty."* There are certainly fit men on both tickets, and as certainly unfit men on both tickets, and it ought to be easy for the independent voter to find fourteen worthy men among them. The campaign agitators who urge partisan loyalty on such occasions are traitors to the higher interest of the city; they offer an indignity to the bar, and pander to the most corrupting forces in municipal administration.

We learn from an illustrated article in last Sunday's *Tribune* that the second largest telescope in the state of Illinois is owned by a humble Lithuanian priest, pastor of a church consisting largely of rolling-mill men in South Chicago, in which murky atmosphere the star-discoverer is mounted. This modest Father Petratjtis is but four years from Russia. He is reported as being skilled in most of the modern languages except English. He is greatly beloved by his people. He spends his days in "visiting the sick and teaching those who are mortally wounded in the steel works how to die"; and in the night he is companioned by the stars. A list of the ministers of the United States who have found inspiration and wisdom through the telescope would be very interesting and significant. Among the liberal ministers we think of Rev. Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse, and Newton M. Mann of Omaha, whose names are familiar to astronomers. There are doubtless others; perhaps as many have read God's book of revelation to their own and to others' profit by means of the microscope, for the chambers of littleness as well as of bigness are awesome. In both prayer altars are installed.

It is to be expected that a state legislature, that through a long session has been unable to elect a United States senator simply because, for partisan reasons, inferior candidates hold sway over the superior judgment of the members, should be exercised over the parole and indeterminate sentence feature in the penal code. That these later provisions of progressive legislature should be attended with difficulties and sometimes miscarry goes without saying. It is equally evident that they are in the line of the best science, the nobler interpretations of religion, and consequently the truer interests of the state. Let the parole system be applied in the treatment of adult criminals as well as juvenile, and let the indeterminate sentence be more scrupulously applied if Illinois is to be saved from the humiliation of a reactionary movement, and the legislature now in session to be saved from still more humiliation. The session that is drawing to a close has brought little credit and much disgrace to legislators. Not but that there are good and wise men, many of them, in the present legislature of Illinois, but they are so handicapped, entangled, and imprisoned by the low ideals, the selfish domination of partisan tyranny and boss manipulation that they are compelled to vote beneath their intelligence and to act unworthily and oftentimes in antagonism to their nobler selves. It is a curious problem in psychology. Why should the average morality and

ethical judgment grade so much lower than that which could be reached if it were possible to count each individual at his maximum and divide the sum total by the number present?

The case of Rev. Morton C. Hartzell, pastor of the South Park Avenue Methodist Church in Chicago, deserves more than local recognition. Mr. Hartzell is a young minister of spirit and culture, the son of a bishop, loyal to his training and the traditions of the Methodist church. For three years he has been the successful pastor of a large Methodist church, during which time he has energetically engaged in the ethical struggles of the community to which he ministers. He has fought vice and led in the struggle for law enforcement in his ward and city. For this reason he has encountered opposition, of course, in his church and out of it. A leader of the opposition, an aldermanic member of his church, has been prominent, and an opposition has arisen to his being returned to the fourth year of his ministry. His own statement made last Sunday morning to his people will commend itself to the readers of UNITY, and so we make room for it. It is noble, manly, pathetic. He says:

"The time has come in the discussion which has been agitating the church for some days past when it is right and proper for me as your pastor to make a pulpit statement. My fundamental attitude is that I am not going to be put in the position of fighting to hold my pulpit. The questions that are before this church are questions of principle and not of personality. What is the legitimate work of a church in a modern city? What rights and what duties has a minister of religion, as a citizen in a community like yours? I stand for certain principles—the very principles which are involved in the present controversy.

"I believe in the broad evangelism that ministers to the physical, intellectual and social needs of men in the name of Jesus Christ, always with the supreme religious aim as the dominating power of the whole organization. I believe that the opportunity of this church is unsurpassed to become one of the most beneficial centers of evangelistic, educational and social power in the City of Chicago. The place is strategic and the time critical.

"I believe that it is the duty of the minister and the members of every church to be integral parts of the social life of the community. The idea that a Christian's public duty ends with loyalty to his church means that the church is a burden rather than a help to society, and is absolutely opposed to the whole ideal of Christ. The conception of a minister's work that would deny him liberty of speech and action in things pertaining to our common human life, strikes at the very ideals of genuine leadership. A minister of the gospel must be a man first or his ministry is ineffective.

"These things I believe with my whole heart. I cannot and will not recede from them. It is the natural tendency of every organization to become conservative and put the comfort of the organization itself above the very purpose for which it was created. Every church is likely to face such a test and this church cannot escape her present ordeal."

We learn from a suburban exchange that Glencoe, one of the favored suburbs of the north shore, is to have a new Congregational church, which the pastor, Dr. Darling, a good friend of UNITY, says should be a "common denomination, adapted to a community fellowship." A nine years' pastorate in this paradise of the favored enables this minister to speak of difficulties even here, for to quote Dr. Darling, "the community is not self-centered; it is drawn into the general city life by the demands of business, the stronger attractions of intellectual and social opportunities and their claims upon time and attention." The good pastor propounds the question which may well be spoken over every pulpit in the land: "If everybody did as I do what would be the result?" Hobhouse in his "Democracy and Reaction" dwells upon the new metropolitan disease which menaces great cities, which he calls *suburbanitis*, a disease which makes anaemic the city by withdrawing the red corpuscles out of its blood. The question of the higher life of the suburb as well as of the city is a perplexing one. Is there not danger that in the search for good air, good water, and more ample surroundings for the children's sake, the children will grow up in an ethically devitalized air, a spiritual dilletantism? The community that has no poor, no slums, no physical misery may not be heaven after all. We are glad that the Congregational church in the suburb adjoining Glencoe, Winnetka, still more famous for its celestial attractions, has recently doubled its clerical force; and the energetic work of Mr. Winchester, the pastor, is to be augmented by the equally energetic and progressive work of Mr. Davis, recently of the Armour Mission, who is to give special attention to the favored young people in this most beautiful of suburbs. Perhaps, after all, the profound student of social problems, the result of Mr. Davis' work in this most select of suburbs, will be watched with as much anxiety as the work among the boys and girls on Halsted street or in "Little Hell" on the north side of Chicago. It may be that Mr. Davis has the harder tasks.

We cannot resist the impulse to add an editorial word to Professor Barber's appreciative estimate of "Jasper Douthit's Story," published in our Study Table. The notice is timely. The "Story" ought to come as a revelation and a rebuke to the thousands of complacent, would-be Christians, whether of the liberal or orthodox type. It is the story of a great, high missionary work done and being done in the face of conservative distrust and materialistic apathy at home and always a meager, inadequate, halting support from the representatives of the faith he has so valiantly espoused and the friends whom he trusts in the larger circle of his fellowship, the center of whose efficiency is in Boston. To read this heroic story and then to learn at the same time that the Lithia Springs Chautauqua, the unique story of which is set forth in this book, is now confronted with suspension if not extinction for want of a small amount of the funds that are lavishly poured out on pleasures less worthy and causes less efficient is to be confronted by one of the many tragedies of the higher life of men and communities. If the Unitarian backers of Mr. Douthit prove faithless, it would seem as though the great Chautauqua movement, the tri-

umphant people's university of Bishop Vincent, would come to the rescue. They cannot afford to lose this the most unique, aggressive and progressive member of that ever growing and triumphant circle. Mr. Douthit's story of his relations with the Chautauqua movement is interesting as the following extract from the book will indicate:

"When the good name Chautauqua was being perverted for commercial purposes, Chancellor John H. Vincent and other leading workers for the true Chautauqua called a meeting in St. Louis in the fall of 1899 and organized the International Chautauqua Alliance, in order to prevent, so far as possible, fake enterprises under the name. The officers of this Alliance then chosen were men of different religious bodies, and for many years I was honored with the office of recording secretary, and later, for two years, with that of corresponding secretary.

I want to record the fact, that I never in my life associated with a nobler, more unselfish and brotherly body of men, on the whole, than were the members of this International Alliance. I was never treated more cordially by any body of people, religious or otherwise, though for most of the years of its existence I have been the only Unitarian Chautauqua manager in the Alliance. Furthermore, I want to say that but for the quick sympathy and prompt and tactful co-operation of the members of this Alliance, represented by Bishop Vincent and his son, Dr. George E. Vincent, of the University of Chicago, Lithia Springs Chautauqua, with its very limited resources, being without any endowment or capital, could not have survived to this day and won, against the wealthy local opposition, the high credit and prestige it now has among good people and the real Chautauqua workers of the world."

The Oberlin Association of Illinois appeals "To College and University Presidents and the Leaders of Fraternal Orders to put the men of their organizations in action against lawlessness." The president of this association, Fred B. Mason, in a circular letter says, so far fraternal men have responded more readily than college and university men." Mr. Mason in his circular letter quotes a recent utterance of President Eliot that "lawlessness is rampant throughout the United States." Accompanying the Oberlin appeal comes a reprint of the brief address of Joseph P. Burtt on "Fraternal Orders and Peace," delivered at the recent Peace Congress in this city, in which we learn that there are now over 600 fraternal orders organized in the United States; that their membership includes over one-third of the voting population; that one order started after the war with the specific object of re-uniting the men of the North and the men of the South in the bonds of brotherly love represents over a million members. To our mind this vast distraction of the lodge room, the withdrawing of so much of the social energy, of the spiritually able-bodied men, and the similar segregation of as vast a number of the more competent women into their excluding clubs from the more open fraternal life of the church where the sexes, the ages, the less fit and the more fit meet together is charged with danger; but that all these lodges do work mightily towards pacific ends and law enforcements no one can doubt. The Oberlin call to college men is a timely one. The University Club of Chicago has recently moved into unquestionably the most beautiful club house in Chicago, perhaps the most beautiful club house in the country. It represents a million or more of capital and also a vast membership of men who have won eminence in their post-college days. The suggestion of one of the leading Chicago dailies is timely: that this University Club should stand for something more in the community than mere sociability or fraternity among college men, desirable as that might be. It is not fair, to say the least, that the onus of disagreeable leadership of facing the hard problems of law enforcement and the uplift of the city should be thrust upon the shoulders of comparatively few women and their masculine co-workers, who perhaps are less efficiently equipped with the culture of the schools and the money that represents the successful man. Civilization has a right to expect much from the college men it produces, and the state has a right to look for leadership from its best-trained citizens.

A significant note was struck in the Jewish synagogue away out in Marshall, Texas, on the 14th instant, when a "Good Fellowship Meeting" was held, at which the pastors of the city and from several surrounding towns met together and exchanged greetings and addressed an audience that filled the meeting house to its utmost capacity. The best outcome of this meeting was a resolution unanimously passed by the ministers present earnestly urging the holding of similar Fellowship Services at least once a year in every city, town and hamlet throughout the commonwealth of Texas. Think what splendid results would follow if such a suggestion were to be carried out in good faith. The most significant thing about this Texas meeting is that it was inaugurated and successfully carried out by a Jewish Rabbi. "Fellowship meetings," so-called, have not been infrequent across the superficial and oftentimes petty lines that separate the co-called orthodox churches one from the other. The test comes when the last ditch of bigotry between the orthodox and the heterodox is to be passed, when the Jew, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Independent, and the Ethical Culture advocate have secured a common foothold with the arrogant Orthodox. However precarious and insignificant, measured by the deceptive statistical test these heretics may be, here comes the real test of fellowship. Even the "liberal-minded" and "progressive" liberal man in the orthodox pulpit prefers to let the last ditch stay to "making trouble," "forcing the issue," or anticipating "the time when such things will be possible." Recently in Chicago there has been a stir towards fellowship and co-operation in which "prominent business men" and some well-known, progressive, liberal scholars in ministerial and professional positions have taken part; in which the finality of the last ditch above mentioned is accepted. This last movement towards federation in Chicago is trying to proceed

within the boundaries of the "evangelical" domain. These are wise men and good men who are engaged in this movement, but like previous attempts, it is a movement that will not move because it lacks the ring of fundamental conviction and frankness that is the main road to effective sincerity. The best horsemen have discarded blinders on bridles, and to be efficient, religious leaders must needs do likewise. There are no theological scare words or scare workers that they need shy from. We congratulate Rabbi Joseph of Marshall, Texas, over the success of his meeting, and hope that the resolution passed at that fellowship meeting may travel with initiative force far beyond the boundaries of the great empire of Texas.

What of the Church?

The American Magazine for June contains at least four articles that will compel the moralist and the patriot to read and digest. The friends of religion, civic well being and human progress will ponder over "The Godlessness of New York," by Ray Stannard Baker; "Where the Shoe is Pinched," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Eugenics," by W. I. Thomas, and F. P. Dunne's ever humorous but none the less wise "Mr. Dooley on Woman Suffrage."

We must content ourselves this week by asking serious attention to the article first named, in which Mr. Baker, with his usual clearness and convincing array of facts, shows the ever lessening hold of the church upon the people in the city of New York. Over a million churchless Protestants in New York today and an actual decrease of five Protestant church buildings and an increase of only five Catholic churches and eighteen Jewish synagogues on Manhattan Island, during the last five years, in the face of an increase of three hundred thousand Protestants and an enormous Jewish immigration. Within recent years forty Protestant churches have moved out of the district below Twentieth street, while three hundred thousand people have moved in.

This decadence of actual attendance and support of the church Mr. Baker thinks is not confined to any sect or form of religion. Catholic, Jew, and all the Protestant denominations feel the depression, and this in the face of a great increase in money investments, a generous attempt to supply "Mission Chapels" and a fair degree of enterprise in the newer direction of institutional work. That this decadence is most profound is revealed in the fact that even the Sunday-school, the great last hope, at least of the Protestant church, suffers with the other activities. Mr. Baker tells us that "children of well-to-do parents rarely attend and even the less well-to-do are growing increasingly careless."

The diagnosis is still more ominous when we realize that New York is not *under*-churched but *over*-churched "so far as audience rooms for Sunday worship are concerned." Our reporter has visited many churches afternoon and evening, and but comparatively few of them have been even well filled. The exceptions named are under such conditions that they but prove the rule. Says the reporter:

> "I have been at services where the audiences were so painfully small that it was hard to understand how the minister had the heart to go on with his sermon."

This applies not only to the churches that are paralyzed with money but to the smaller churches that are dragging a hopeless existence.

Mr. Baker tries to confine his studies to New York City, but the reader no more than the writer cannot resist the temptation of extending the territory and recognizing the fact that the case is general.

One cannot with reason complain of the article, because its diagnosis is more full than its prescription. It cannot be expected that Mr. Baker can solve in a newspaper article the problem upon which divinity schools, universities and intelligent bodies of ministers in all the churches are studying with apparently small results. But Mr. Baker does certainly go below the surface and consequently nearer to the remedy than any mechanical device, increase of missionary funds or any trick of activities, when he introduces his article with the story of St. Francis, who stripped himself naked at the outset of his career and returned his last rag of clothing and last coin to the father whom he had so greatly disappointed, and dedicated himself henceforth to the service of God. A few years later, says our essayist, all Italy was at his feet.

If the religion of New York is over-churched it is under-worked, Mr. Baker thinks. No pandering to the love of ease, no apologies to wealth or sedatives to conscience will restore the church to its old primacy.

> "Human touch, not money, is required. There must be personal sacrifice. * * * Until the Protestant churches have that vision which inspires men to a new sense of the brotherhood of humanity, all humanity, which is the expression of the fatherhood of God, they will never get back to the people. * * * Can the Protestant churches divided among themselves, full of the pride of tradition, rich in worldly possessions, ever rise to the situation?"

These are the closing sentences of this distressing but not discouraging article. When the magazines begin to inspire and publish such studies, there is hope that the denominational houses, sectarian schools, and *theological* schools, mark the name, will begin to see the situation and there will come a renaissance of faith, an application of religion to life, a test of piety by service, a finding of peace through sacrifice, of holiness in devout service, a worship that is truly enkindling of brotherhood, such as have been realized in the glow points of history in the past. St. Francis led such a movement in the twelfth century, Savonarola in the fifteenth century, Knox, Calvin, and Luther in the sixteenth, Fox in the seventeenth, Wesley in the eighteenth, to a degree Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker in the ante-bellum days of the nineteenth century. It was such a movement that was set

a going with such mighty import by the Nazarene Peasant.

Such movement cannot come without bringing with it the demand for the erection of other "Pillars of Follies" to be burned such as Savonarola erected in the streets of Florence six hundred years ago. If is service, but more; sacrifice, but more; it is a joy in the common lot, a peace of soul found by elimination; it will be progress by cancellation, the prosperity of abstemiousness, the high and holy life of simplicity and personal purity. For these there is no substitute. The gay and gawdy raiment, the proud and costly amusement, however high, the hurried life of dissipation, however fine, the genteel slavery to pipe, cup and lace are incompatible with the holy life, and only in so far as the church can stand for these things will it come back to the people and be to them a source of comfort, of inspiration, and sanctification.

THE PULPIT

What is Religious Liberalism?

AN ADDRESS AT THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS, IN PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 28, 1909.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

I like not that *ism* in our subject. The implications of an *ism* are not generous. The term may slip in as I speak, but let us word our question more simply,—What is it to be a Liberal in religion?

To answer the question, shall I try to define, to describe, or to illustrate?

If to define,—the Liberal is he who emphasizes four things in religion: Freedom, Fellowship, Character, Service. Those four words indicate more of his characteristics than any others I know. It is the *emphasis* on these four things that distinguishes him: the Liberal makes them the supreme things in religion.

If I try to describe, the description but enlarges upon this definition.

First, *the Freedom.* Freedom rather than what? Rather than authority of any kind asserting itself as master of souls. Liberalism is not a position in thought but a posture of the one thinking; the attitude of a mind that may greatly value tradition, and greatly the wisdom of teachers, and greatly the consensus of more competent judges than itself, but that holds,—In religion I must be judge for myself of all this wisdom of others: whatever the source of my knowledge in things scientific, and whatever my deference there, in things ethical and spiritual truth *can* be "truth" to me only as I see for myself it is truth. So the Liberal in religion seeks to be open-minded and reverent to facts wherever he meets them in old or in new; expectant of truth in gleams and glimmers of old, expectant of clearing and widening truth as the yesterdays grow towards today, expectant in morrows of truth brighter and surer and larger than that seen today. The Liberal believes in the Soul of man—his reason, his conscience, his spiritual apprehension—as the organ of all truth-seeking and finding; and an organ whose powers grow in the individual and in the race. Whose powers *grow;* therefore he ever more and more trusts in the Soul itself as a seeker and finder. Whose powers *grow;* therefore he can never trust his own findings as final. The findings are "truth" in the sense that they are on the way to be truer. That is one of his tests: is his "truth" truer today than it was yesterday? In other words, he knows that his "truth" is an error, and he even wants it to be. But he also knows that his errors, and all mankind's errors, are fore-shadows and symbols of truth. And with this kind of truth he is more than content,—he is inspired! The foundation on which everything rests is the nature of the Soul. He believes in the Soul,—he is a Soul,—he believes in himself.

The Liberal has his fears. He is not afraid of his doubts, but he *is* afraid of his prejudices; and more afraid of his own than of anyone's else. He does not love, but he is not afraid of, the hard names in religion. As commonly used, he recognizes them as titles of honor: "agnostic," as naming a noble modesty and honesty of mind; "infidelity" as consisting not in believing, nor in disbelieving, but in professing to believe what one does not believe,—as Thomas Paine said; "heresy," as today's name for tomorrow's probable orthodoxy; non-Christian, as often the name of one who believes with Christ in the things which *he* emphasized, though not in the theories about Christ which reverent men have devised; "atheist," as usually meaning one who believes more in God than those who fling the word as a stone. He is not afraid of these hard names, then; but he has seen so many "liberal" bigots, and has caught himself in so many bigotries, that he *is* much afraid of his own self-satisfactions in religion, his own sense of orthodoxy, of intellectual rightness and superiority to others. When comparing opinions and faiths with another, he is on his guard therefore; he seeks to put himself in the other's place, to look at the other's reverence from the inside, to allow for the personal equation both in himself and the other, to hail the well-put objection to views that he cherishes, and, as Emerson counselled, to welcome his own overthrow in an argument; in a word, to avoid dogmatism and arrogance; and this for his own sake as much as in justice to others,—for his own sake, lest he fail to recognize angels of thought in unlovely forms.

Such self-reliance and such self-distrust, such range in the truth-quest and such cautions as these in the quest, may serve to indicate the Freedom of the Liberal in religion.

Next, what is the Fellowship that he emphasizes? Fellowship, rather than what? Fellowship in place of the spirit of sect. From freedom as the attitude of the mind in relation to truth, almost of necessity the spirit of fellowship follows as the attitude of the heart towards all other seekers and lovers of truth. For as we realize that the best of us has not attained, and that we are all on the road together, this fact of *togetherness* becomes more important than our own particular place in the procession. Even if we think, as so many of us do, that our place is at the head of the procession, "difference from us is no longer measure of absurdity"—Emerson's phrase again,—and we cannot help knowing that these comrades training behind us are where we were but yesterday; and that those others hidden still farther back in the dust are where we, or our fathers, were the day before yesterday; and also that on roads all out of sight are many other travellers hasting along with heads as high and faces as joyous, or as puzzled,

as ours,—and, being out of sight over the mountains and over the seas—say in Buddha land,—who really knows but that some of them may be well in advance of us on their parallel roads?

Then, too, as the spirit of fellowship grows and we are better acquainted with our fellow-travellers, the *kinship* in ideas, in ideals, in reverences, in aims, becomes so apparent that it begins to seem folly to insist on camping so carefully apart as men of a different blood in religion. We recognize the fact that, in spite of our differing names and ancestries, we are more like than unlike in religion; and that the things which unite us are far more important to religion than the things which divide us; that "religions are many, but religion is one." And at last we realize two other humbling, and therefore exalting, facts: (1) that, whatever our fancied vantage in truth of ideas, not a few of these comrades of ours are our sure superiors in the reality of religion,—some of them by a truer thought, some by a deeper experience of soul-life, some by closer loyalty to their vision; and (2) that almost every band of them, that is, every "sect," has something of truth, some rightful emphasis, that we lack, and that we had better try to assimilate, if we would be perfect. As we realize this, that dream about being the head of the procession fades out, and we wake to move on humble and grateful, and therefore faster than ever.

Something like this is the experience of the individual Liberal, as he goes on his thought-road; and the experience of the race as it moves on the thought-roads of history is but this written large. "Toleration in religion, the best fruit of the last four centuries." President Eliot wrote as inscription for one of the Water-Gate tablets at the Columbian Exposition. But during these centuries, in the nations that best deserve the adjective "civilized," that fruit has itself greatly bettered. *"Toleration,"* a cause which had its own martyrs in the Reformation time, has become a word of *in*tolerance today. There are horrors still of anti-Semetic persecution in Russia, and horrors on anti-Christian persecution going on at this very moment in Asia Minor; but who in England, or who in America, today asks to be "tolerated," and who claims the right to "tolerate?" Toleration has given way to equality, and equality is now giving way to sympathy. Actual sympathy with ideas that our own minds have to reject,—reverence for reverences that we cannot share, —this is today the ripening fruit of the centuries in the Liberal circles of our happier lands. It implies a closer brotherhood than even the noble old motto, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity;" for that left unsettled the perilous question, What *are* "essentials"? and in non-essentials it prescribes, at most, charity; but this new spirit of Fellowship is passing beyond charity into actual sympathy. It means that men are acquiring power to see the soul of truth in what they deem error, and to value the unities as more really vital than the differences of faith, and to think of the varying Churches not as "sects" but as "branches" growing out of one stock of religion. Speed the day when millions shall see these things and be glad! But meanwhile this is only the *Liberal's* spirit of Fellowship in religion.

To illustrate this point, may I venture to tell a dream that I had not long ago about Phillips Brooks? A mere dream, not a story; but even a dream may have parable-power. I had been working on hymns overnight, and woke in the morning to find myself wishing that I had Phillips Brooks' permission to change just one word in the last line of his beautiful Christmas hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem,"—the hymn that ends, "O, Come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel." I wanted permission to print it "our *Heart's* Emmanuel," to make it still more poetical, but mainly to make it more honest for personal use. After wishing my wish, I must have fallen asleep again; for the next thing I know I was in the presence of Phillips Brooks up in heaven, the request on my lips. "May I alter the one word?" I pleaded, and explained my Puritan motive. "O yes, if you wish to," he heartily answered,and beamed a great smile. So encouraged, I ventured further and said, "You all sing the same words up here, I suppose?" "O, *never!*" he answered quickly, "O, never! We *never* sing the same words up here. But we all *mean* the same things *by* what we sing. It's the *meanings* that make the song here." A little abashed, like Abou ben Adhem, I spoke more low, but cheerily still,—"Down there we have to think of the words to get them honest to the meanings." "Yes, *down there!*" he replied, and beamed another great smile, as if by and by I, too, would know better. Then I awoke. My dream was like that,—we cannot vouch for the words of a dream; and far be it from me to claim that I have quoted the good Bishop aright! Yet I believe that what I seemed to hear is what he would say up there in his light,—that it's the meaning that makes the song, and the heart's meaning at that; that these meanings are necessarily rendered in varying words by varying minds; and that while the rule for "down here" is, "Let each mind be true to itself in its utterance," the best of our heart's truth is actually missed by us if we fancy that our own form of words or of thought is *essential* to the utterance.

Time does not allow me to describe at this length the other two emphases of the Liberal,—his emphasis on Character and on Service as supreme elements in religion. Character is his *test,* Service is his *aim,* in religion. Not so has it been in the past. Has Character been the test of religion? Speaking through the fifth-century Greek, Christianity's answer was, "My test is *Creed*—it is what you believe about the persons of God and the natures of Christ." Speaking through the great Roman Church, for a thousand years her answer was, "My test is *Ritual,*—the prayer, the confession, the penance, the baptism, the attendance at Mass." Speaking through Protestants, until very lately, and still speaking through many, her word has again been, "My test is a *Creed,*—it is what you believe about the salvation through Christ." And these men have often slurred goodness as "mere morality," and called righteousness "filthy rags," and character set to God's will "deadly doing." The *stress,* and the actual test as applied, have been thus; yet theory has always included goodness as a needful part of religion, and there have always been thousands of humble souls, Jew, Greek, Roman, Puritan, living their will-life in God.

But Religion, speaking from age to age through those most truly religious, in many a faith, and now strenuously and steadily speaking through the Liberal, says, "Character is my test. I give men thoughts, the largest they think; I give men faiths, the deepest they trust; I give feelings, the strongest that move; but I *measure* by none of these. It is not what you believe, nor feel, nor do with your hand, nor what you see to be right,—it is how much you *will* of the right that you see and do that I care for. The actual intent and endeavor—in great or in little, and whether success come or failure—are all that I look at. So far as a man's will is set on the right as he sees the

right, it allies him to God: so far as it is set on the wrong as he sees the wrong, it parts him from God. This, nothing less, and no more, is my *test.*" And in the new Christianity, the new Judaism, the new religions of all names flowering today, the old tests of religion are being transformed into this nobler test established by prophet and poet and saint.

So, too, the *aim* in religion is transfiguring itself under the liberalizing trend of the age. Not for self-expression, as some say; not for self-culture, as others say; not for self-salvation, as it has been so long said in the past, are we here in the world, says the Liberal; but for the expression, the culture, the salvation of others; for the self-culture only as means to the greater service of others than self. We are here to grow, but to grow to end that we may *make* grow; and as means to that end, the self-growth also is hallowed. We are learning to apply the secret of Jesus: He that would save his life loseth it, but whoso loseth his life for others is saving it. The soul that in trying to save others forgets that it needs to be saved, does *not* need to be,—it *is* saved already, the Liberal holds. Many with Whittier see it today,—

> "That to be saved is only this,—
> Salvation from our selfishness."

Our Quaker poet, with his stress all *against* creed and ritual, and all *for* character and love, is more and more accepted as the psalmist of our day.

Moreover, as the others can only be saved by us here, the *scene* of salvation is shifting from heaven to earth. Look *out,* and not in; look neither forward nor back, but *around,*—is the new pointing. The two "great commandments" are growing "liker" than ever, and virtually one. Within the old Christ a new Christ is emerging, the human within the divine,—Christ the All-Manly, Christ the All-Brotherly. "All-manly" means Character; "All-brotherly" Service. And more than ever his true worship is felt to be imitation. *"Be* a Christ! Everything is summed up in that." The ideal which Christendom worships, and the aim which Christendom seeks, are ceasing to contradict one another.

And what is the "Church" of men who are trying to be Christs and finish his work? Mr Stead answers: "It is the Union of All who Love in the Service of All who Suffer." To serve in this Church the young ministers of today are grappling with social science—a new study for theological students. To serve in this Church the Salvation Army, the King's Daughters, the Christian Endeavorers, the College and Social Settlements, the Rescue Missions, and other life-saving bands, are mustering and multiplying. It is an efflorescence of Service! The "social conscience," the "social consciousness,"—these are the great new watchwords today. And the new song is—

> "Love for every unloved creature,
> Lonely, poor or small."

In the creed sung in that song, in that creed lived out by fortunate folk homing among the less fortunate, and sharing culture, brightness, beauty, happiness with them, and in the expanding ideals of social justice that break out from the love-dreams in which they first come, the Liberal in religion believes the final solution of social problems lies.

I have so far been speaking of Principles, of *Ideals.* What are likely to be the characteristic *Ideas* of this coming Liberal religion? Do the signs begin to tell that?

I am sure it is a religion that will hold the Ideals above the Ideas; value spirit, attitude, method in religion above doctrines; experience of religion above the best creed or the most cogently beautiful ritual; freedom and fellowship and character and service above even the great and dear thoughts of God and Immortality. But will this coming religion have a *theology* at all? Indeed it will. Men are not yet done wondering what is behind the visible universe, what is the nature of the Power in which and by which the universe lives, what we are in essence ourselves, whence we have come, why we are here, and whither we go, and the wherefore of all the hardness and the glory of the journey of life; and our answers to our own wonders about these things constitute "theology." As long as man lasts, theology lasts. But I think there will be less emphasis on all these questions in the coming religion; at least, less need felt of certain and definite and elaborate answers. There will be a humbler sense of mystery in the coming theology, just because the growing recognition is Unity. Is the Trinity mystery? Unity—One in All and All in One—is a greater mystery than One-in-Three and Three-in-One. There is no mystery like Unity. There will be more content with the Unknown, though less of that presumption of knowledge that calls anything Unknowable. There will be no conflict between Science and Faith, but Faith will look to Science for enlargements without, while Science will look to Faith for deepenings within. There will be more of Faith,—not less of Faith, but more of Faith, in the coming religion than in the most faithfull Churches today; that is, a more simple, happy, all-day, every-day trust in the Universe and in Goodness at the heart of the Universe.

But can we be more specific than this about the Liberal's theology? Yes, there are heralds even of its specific tenets, I think.

The Soul will be its first tenet,—the Soul of Man as the Seat of Religion. Everything in religion will base on the Soul. Theology will be frankly confessed to be Psychology read into the heavens,—the Soul of Man spelling the Soul of Nature in large.

God will be conceived as the Immanent Power, the Immanent Reason, the Immanent Goodness in all things. His name Law,—Law physical, Law psychical. His name, Reason in self-revelation. His name, Righteousness in tendency. His name, Love, —Love in the courses of the stars, Love in the courses of history, Love in the courses of one little human life. The one Living Reality and Presence and Power and Help: joining itself to all that does the will of the Right, and conducting each life, to that will obedient, into beatitude; frustrating, overcoming, and so joining itself also to, all that does *not* do the will of the Right. Personal God, in the sense in which "Person" sums up and names all such forces of Reason and Righteousness as these; impersonal, for any who can call such forces as these impersonal; God, the Infinite Mystery of Existence,—God the Best Known of all Existence in the intimacies of Self.

Jesus, however we rank him among those whom he himself called his "brethren" because they do that will of the Right, will be correlated among his brother-prophets, those other spokesman for God,—even as Jews on the one hand, Evangelicals on the other, are correlating him today.

The *Bible,* however we rank it among national scriptures, will be correlated among the other scriptures of man,—records, all, of man's search for the better and best. It will be honored and loved, as it is being recognized, honored and loved today, as the spiritual auto-biography of a people gifted with the

apprehension of righteousness and unity,—the thousand years' record of that people's mind-growth, conscience-growth, heart-growth, as it rose from its savagery towards heights, not of today's, but of ancient civilization.

Salvation, though that word may not be used, will be recognized as synonymous with just such growths as these,—growths in the individual, growths in the race.

I cannot go on: this will suffice as a hint of the coming Liberal theology.

But one closing question ought to be noted from its interest as well as its importance: What will be the relation of this coming theology to the theology of the past?

Its mission, I think, will be less to refute than to interpret that of the past. True interpretation is at once justification and refutation. True interpretation explains how the old dogmas rose in the minds and hearts and consciences of men,—that they were, for the time, the best translations men could make of the universe in terms of ideas and ideals,—that they were germinal statements of truth, germs that must needs grow and expand as the human mind grew. So the story of a faith is in itself its justification, and in itself its refutation at last. Especially will the coming Liberal theology, if I mistake not, be glad to maintain that the old dogmas of Christianity, now in their decay, are each and all forecasts of great truths which the religion of today is recognizing with awe and delight; that those dogmas of Orthodoxy, framed in the fourth and fifth centuries, and elaborated in the sixteenth by Protestantism, are early, concrete, dramatic, *kindergarten* forms of the very truths that you and I are trying to shape in vastly enlarged forms before our own minds today. "Incarnation," for example, conceived then as a single expression in history, conceived now as a Universe Law,—"Evolution" simply meaning Incarnation progressive. "Vicarious Atonement," conceived then as a wholly unique and divine illustration of sacrifice, conceived now as another Universe Law,—the law which affirms that no one lives and no one dies to himself, and that by this solidarity of life all crosses and sufferings and tragedies, even and *sins,* all joys, successes, beatitudes also, work together for the uplift of all. "Inspiration," then conceived as a whispered "Thus saith the Lord" to a prophet, now conceived as a Universe Law of communion and influx between Soul and all souls. And so of the other Orthodox dogmas,—each one the germ of what you and I are rejoicing over in blossom.

And now to sum up. What makes a Liberal in religion? To hold Freedom, Fellowship, Character, Service *supreme* in religion. Whoever holds these supreme, whether he calls himself Jew, Roman Catholic or Episcopalian, or Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist, or Universalist or Unitarian or Friend—or anything else,—*he* is a Liberal in religion. Whoever holds these ideals supreme, he and we are of one religious fellowship. Whoever loves and lives these ideals better than we is our teacher, whatever Church or age he belongs to. Doctrines must needs differ, reflecting the difference in minds—and better they should, since all minds see more than one mind, though that one be best. Names must need differ, therefore. But no doctrine, however true and important, ranks with these supreme things. In these, and only in these things, lies the hope of religious unity; and only in this sense is such unity desirable. On these four principles, Freedom, Fellowship, Character, and Service in Religion, as on corner-stones, slowly uprises the One Catholic Church of Man.

THE STUDY TABLE

Jasper Douthit's Story*

If one doubt whether there is longer any opportunity for large service and the strenuous life in the ministry of religion, let him read this modest record of a pioneer missionary, life-long experience and endeavor. And if any want evidence that such effort and witness for the best things may be greatly fruitful in the altered and improved conditions of a community's life, let him after reading this book spend a few weeks in the neighborhood in which this life has been lived and this work done, or attend the Lithia Chautauqua for a season. Those of us who have done so can testify that there is more to tell. Interesting as the story is, the life record of struggle and achievement is more fully written in the influence and outcome of a half-century's hard work. That record stands in the uplift that has come to the life of a community, and in the grateful sense of opportunity and impulse to larger living that is felt by multitudes Jasper Douthit has reached and served. His life shows what fruit the hard-shell Baptist stock may bear when set with the scions of New England liberalism and a human theology. Neither the unfriendly air of the environing orthodoxy, nor the hard conditions of pioneer life in Southern Illinois could repress the vigorous growth from that sturdy ancestral root, nor dwarf the gracious fruits of Divine love and human service. The narrow conditions did but make more intense the upspringing aspirations for a larger life. He struggled against them and out of them, to find ideals, education, the fitting for life he was determined to gain But he returned and set himself down in the midst of them to fulfill the chosen work of his life. Never was a man more loyal to home and kin and the service his native region most needed. The local limitations he outgrew, yet held him to the work of their removal or enlargement. He would stay in the whiskey-cursed neighborhood and helped to redeem it to sobriety and gentler living. He would make his witness clear for better education and more progressive politics. And because he was born to be a preacher, he would live sparsely and work strenuously to bring the uplift of the human and rational gospel whose inspiration he had caught to connection with the home community and extend its cheer and its genial fellowship, as far as God should give him strength among the farms and hamlets round about. This missionary had at once the intensity of temperament and the life-long persistence which made his work effective. His knowledge of the conditions in the midst of which he worked, and his yearning affection for the community into which he had been born, taught him to shape his message and adapt his work so as to command increasing respect from people of widely differing opinions, and win favor for the practical ends he had most at heart. It has been easy to criticize his methods sometime, but this record helps to make clear the hard conditions amidst which he worked, and to move fresh admiration for the courage with which he met them

*The Autobiography of a Pioneer. With an introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; 225 pages. The American Unitarian Association, Boston. $1.25, net.

and the persistence with which he hoped and planned great things. There is a heroic note in it all that stirs the blood with the sense of valiant achievement and still more courageous undertakings. It is a story of large visions and an unflinching purpose,—of many successes, if also of constant limitations and partial defeats. If the spirit of the writer is too often in the shadow of disappointed expectations, it is because he sees opportunities the world seems slow to help him to fulfill. But who against such odds has done so much? The book is not only a record, but an inspiration. There ought to be thousands of American youths who will catch the spirit of this Illinois boy of sixty years ago, and learn from it to turn difficulties into purpose, and opportunities into character and service for country and humanity.

The story is simply and modestly told and has the charm of reality through experiences that are sometimes rough, but characteristically American, and true to the best spirit of pioneer life. It is happily introduced by a hearty foreword from Robert Collyer and a most fit and friendly introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. H. H. Barber.

Meadville Theological School, Pa.

The Unfolding Life*

The title of this book correctly states its contents. It is an analysis of the unfolding life of a child, and an application of the results to training,—more especially to religious training. The author shows a keen insight into the soul-life of the child, especially in its earlier stages. The suggestions and counsel given in regard to the nurture and training of children in general are extremely rational and helpful. In the application of the psychological analysis to religious nurture, the author very wisely puts doctrine into the background, "for," she says, "doctrine is doctrine, whether stated in words of one syllable or four, and is equally unsuited to a beginning life." The book is written in a clear, simple style, and in a sympathetic, persuasive way the author seeks to awaken a sense of the great responsibilities and the great opportunities connected with the nurture and training of children. The book shows every indication of careful study and ample experience, and cannot fail to be a source of inspiration and helpfulness to teachers and parents. Theological definition is so entirely subordinated to practical instruction that the usefulness of the book is in no way limited by sectarian narrowness.

A. Kristjanssen.

Meadville Theological School, Pa.

For The Training of Children

The topics of Florence Palmer's Lessons for Young Children** are such themes as Love, Courage, Joy, Speak the Truth, Our Heavenly Father, Play, Work, Sharing Thanksgiving and Christmas. From two to six lessons are provided on these topics. The book is for the guidance of teachers or parents and contains some of the music which is to be used as well as the pictures with which the scholars are to be provided. The aim of these lessons is to stir imagination and waken feelings which are fundamental to character. Undoubtedly a capable teacher can use these materials so as to charm and interest little people with happy results.

Dr. Hall's beautiful sermons to children in the volume entitled The Silver Cup* are prefaced by a poem in which thought and sentiment are conveyed by simple imaginative images. That is the characteristic method of the sermons themselves. They are full of clear and lovely pictures and the pictures are made to carry a thought and an emotion. All are the messages of a large heart with a wealth of love and tenderness and wise understanding. Many a mother will be glad to have such simple and elevating talks to read to her children. Many a preacher desiring to know the art of popular discourse will do well to study them.

F. A. Christie.

Meadville Theological School, Pa.

More Books

I noted for you, recently, a remarkable book for any man whose brains are fairly divided in the middle, and lie on both sides of his cranium, instead of being all tucked up in one corner of his skull—as so many people's brains are. I mean Bailey's *The State and the Farmer.* I want now to recall one more book, not quite new, for summer reading, that is about the meatiest book on recent shelves. I refer to Rev. Wm. Long's *Brier Patch Philosophy,* published by Ginn & Co. I wish that this notice might sell five hundred copies of that book; and that you would go with these books and sit down by the brooks in the meadows and read it. It is so true, so good, so human, and so divine that it deserves universal acceptance. It is one of the best books that has so far seen the light of the Twentieth century. John Burroughs may abuse Mr. Long, and call him both fake and liar, it is because he cannot read God in nature.

From Houghton & Mifflin I am in receipt of a delicious book, *Through Welsh Doorways,* by Jeannette Marks. Fortunately this book is written with only a sprinkling, here and there of that marvelous concatenation of consonants, so harmoniously handled by our senior editor. I venture to quote one proverb, however, of the very sweetest and most mellifluous sort: "Gwell pwyll nag aur," but as prudence is better than gold I will step over into the English. I don't know anywhere that you can find a more delightful set of stories, more truly poetical than this. I like specially the first one, for quaintness, Mors triumphans. The fact of it is England should fence in Wales, and devote it eternally to a residence of poets and artists.

E. P. Powell.

"Professor," said a literal minded student, "why did the Lord create the Canaanites, anyway?"

"The Lord created the Canaanites," answered the professor, "in order that he might have something on which Israel might whet his sword." And yet the good professor's house was one of the stations on the slave's underground railroad. Canaanite was one thing, in the abstract. A helpless fugitive at his door was another. —*Samuel J. Crothers.*

*A Study of Development with Reference to Religious Training, by Antoinette Abernethy Lamoreaux. The Westminster Press. 188 pages. Price 75c.

**A Second Year of Sunday-school Lessons for Young Children, by Florence W. Palmer, New York. The Macmillan Co., 1908, pp. XIV, 259.

*Simple Messages to Children, from one who loved them. Charles Cuthbert Hall. Houghton Miffin Co., N. Y., 1909.

THE HOME

"AS GOOD AS GOLD."

The day that I was five years old
I thought I'd be as good as gold.
I promised mother, as I stood there,
All dressed up, on a parlor chair,
That I would do my very best
To act as well as I was dressed.

She told me when my party came
To think of others in the game,
To let my visitors go first,
To take the smallest piece and worst,
And see that others had enough,
And not be greedy, cross, or rough.

But I forgot it once or twice,
And then my manners were not nice.
So when they'd gone she shook her head;
"As good as silver," mother said.
But—when I grow to six years old,
I know I'll be "as good as gold."
—*Annie Willis McMullough in June St. Nicholas.*

A Rainy-Day Journey

"Why, dearies," said Aunt Bertha, as she came into the nursery and found the three children with solemn little faces pressed against the rain-spattered window-pane, "have you yet to learn that it can be sunny within if it is rainy outside?"

"If this was the last day of your vacation, and it had rained most every day, I guess you wouldn't say that," said Bobby, the eldest of the trio.

"When I was ten years old, I presume I wouldn't have said so," replied Aunt Bertha, "but I have learned since that we can make the sun shine for us almost always if we are only willing to try. How would you all like to go on a pleasure trip?" She was smiling brightly.

"In the rain?" asked the three in surprise. "Why, Aunt Bertha! How could we go out?"

"Oh, the rain won't affect us in the least. We shall not even need rubbers or umbrellas," she answered, laughing. "You may put on your rubber boots, Bobby, and run over and ask your playmates to come and travel with you, if you wish."

Bobby looked rather doubtful, but he went, and soon five children were watching aunty stitch up four long strips of brown paper on the machine. This she divided into five booklets. Next she brought a pile of old magazines, several pairs of scissors, and some paste and brushes.

"Now," she said, "you may all travel just where you wish. These magazines are full of pictures taken in interesting countries all over the world. Wherever you decide to visit just find all the pictures you can that have any connection with the place, and paste them in your little books, and you will have much of the pleasure and excitement of a real journey, with none of its dangers and discomforts. I will leave you for a little while now, and when I come back I shall expect to find you all home again, safe and happy."

How quickly the next two hours passed, and how busy the little brains and fingers were!

Bobby went to California. His first picture was of the "Sunset Limited," the train in which he chose to cross the continent. There were views of Western cities that he passed through; and when he reached the sunny land he filled his booklet with scenes in the great harbor on the Pacific coast, pictures of wonderful flowers and fruits that grow only under southern skies, photographs taken at an ostrich-farm, and many other things of interest, until the last leaf of the journey-book was covered.

Elso went to Japan, and she collected pictures of bamboo houses and Japanese children with cherry-blossoms and butterflies.

Everybody journeyed somewhere. When Aunt Bertha came in again, she brought a big plate of sugar jumbles, and the way the cookies disappeared proved that each little traveller had returned in good health with a good appetite.—*Christine Gleason, in The Youths' Companion.*

A Butterfly's "Umbrella"

He was only a butterfly, one of those beautiful, large bluish-black ones that we so often see about the garden, but he knew enough to get in out of the wet.

It was during one of the heavy showers that so frequently, in the hot days of midsummer, come suddenly upon us, driving everyone to the nearest cover. To escape the downpour, which meant great injury, if not destruction, to so delicate a creature, he quickly flew to a nearby Balm of Gilead tree, where alighting on the under side of a large leaf, he clung with wings closely drawn together and hanging straight downward using the big leaf as an umbrella to shield him from the great drops falling all round. High and dry, here he remained until the shower had passed, and the blue sky and warm sun called him once again to his favorite haunts.—*"Nature and Science" in June St. Nicholas.*

A Little-Known Nursery Rime

In the interesting "History of the Catnach Press," a literary venture that lasted in London from 1769 to 1841,—there is, among its ballads and horrors and carols and trials, an account of "The Tragical Death of an Apple-Pie." Most persons know the first part; many were brought up on "A was an Apple-Pie, B bit it, C cut it," and so on down to "XYZ and &, who all longed for a piece in hand." But how many know the "Curious Discourse that passed between the twenty-five letters at dinner-time"?

Says A, Give me A good large slice.
Says B, A little Bit, but nice.
Says C, Cut me a piece of Crust.
Take it, says D, 'tis Dry as Dust.
Says E, I'll Eat it fast, who will?
Says F, I vow I'll have my Fill.
Says G, Give me both Good and Great.
Says H, A little bit I Hate.
Says I, I love the juice the best.
And K the very same Konfess'd.
Says L, There's nothing more I Love.
Says M, It Makes your teeth to Move.
N Notic'd what the others said.
O Other's plates with grief survey'd.
P Praised the cook up to the life.
Q Quarreled because he had a bad knife.
Says R, It Runs short I'm afraid.
S Silent Sat and nothing Said.
T Thought that Talking might lose Time.
U Understood it at meals a crime.
W Wished there had been a quince in.
Says X, Those cooks there's no convincing.
Says Y, I'll eat, let others wish.
Z sat as mute as any fish.
While & he licked the dish.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A MODERN CHURCH.—The affairs of the National Protestant Church of Geneva have so long engaged general attention, that one not familiar with conditions there might fail to realize that it did not actually include all the protestantism of the canton. While, to use the phrase which became such a watchword at the time of the church's reorganization, every one of protestant birth had "a right to the church" and was counted in unless he distinctly declined membership, there have long been those—by no means the least spiritually minded in the community—who preferred membership in a "free," or as we would say, an independent church.

And now this *Eglise libre* has revised its constitution in a way that can but awaken cordial interest and approval on the part of UNITY readers and members of All Souls Church. I gather the principal points from *Le Signal*, always quick to commend any utterance that is the expression of high purpose and true democracy.

First as to membership,—at the time of its foundation, in 1849, the Evangelical Free Church was equipped with an ample creed, a desire for which was, in fact, the reason of the church existence. Much simplified in 1883, when it really broke away from dogmatism, the creed has now been entirely dropped and its place has been taken by a simple statement of aim and purpose, which any evangelical Christian could sign.

There is, however, no obligation to sign even this, the one fundamental requirement for membership being distinctly stated as a sincere desire to serve Christ.

Art. 3.—Leaving to God the judging of hearts, this church welcomes to membership any person not less than seventeen years of age who, duly informed as to its principles, wishes to serve Jesus Christ according to the measure of his faith and asks for inscription.

Furthermore, all spirit of narrowness is expressly disavowed and overtures, with a view to fellowship, are made to all similar bodies of Christians. Witness Article 4—which sounds, by the way, a patriotic note.

Art. 4.—Repudiating entirely the sectarian spirit, this church wishes to cultivate fraternal relations with all those who invoke the name of Jesus Christ. She is ready to unite with other bodies of Christians of like faith, and she urges her members to take their part in the responsibilities and joys of our earthly fatherland.

The revised constitution of 1883 granted women the right to vote in certain cases. This in itself was quite an innovation at a time when, so far as we know, not a church in Europe had yet put a ballot into feminine hands. That was a beginning, and now the two final stages have been crossed, one after the other, granting women the full right to vote (partial revision of 1906) and the right of eligibility. Here is the article, brief and to the point.

Art. 5.—It (the church) recognizes the complete equality as to rights of all its members, without distinction of sex or nationality.

Henceforth its needs, practical sagacity, and experience will regulate the advancement of women to the various elective posts and offices. No doubt the first applications of the new principle will not be long delayed, leaving to a later day the eventual realization—a theoretical and as yet disputed advance—of the feminine pastorate; authorized from now on by the letter, it may some day pass into actual custom.

As for the rights of foreigners, they are, as we have just seen, equal; the national note being sounded but not made predominant over the essentially international character of the Christian religion.

The Lord's supper continues to be offered to all Christians without distinction. On the other hand, the church forbids, as heretofore, the bringing to bear upon the young at the close of their confirmation class studies, that formidable moral pressure, so productive of mistakes, which is known as collective reception.

The parishes are geographic, but not strictly so, as any one can, by giving proper notice, attach himself to any parish he prefers. Indeed provision seems to have been made under the intentionally vague name of groups, for the creation, or eventual addition of organizations distinct from the parishes and having, like them, a voice in the chapter.

This is the famous "parish of affinity or moral parish" which it was not found possible to introduce into the reorganized National church, and which would have rallied to it many of the dissidents by assuring to them respect for their individual, historic organizations.

The parishes are autonomous.

Art. 14.—The parishes govern themselves through their Assembly and their Council.

They vote their own budget and discharge the Council from its functions.

The central authority is held by the Assembly of delegates, a legislative body, whose members are elected by the parishes in proportion to their population. The Assembly names its own executive board, which reports to it.

The Assembly meets in ordinary session twice a year and its deliberations are public.

"Broad daylight, an open door and outstretched hand, equality of rights, individual liberty, parochial autonomy, responsible representative government; every thing that makes for genuine, thorough-going democracy"—it is so that the Geneva reporter sums up the status of this "modern church."

*In a footnote apropos of the granting the ballot to women, the Society of Friends (Quakers) is noted as an exception, but is not regarded as a church. It is recalled, too, that equality of the sexes has always been the rule in the Salvation Army, whose influence has been undeniable in Geneva. M. E. H.

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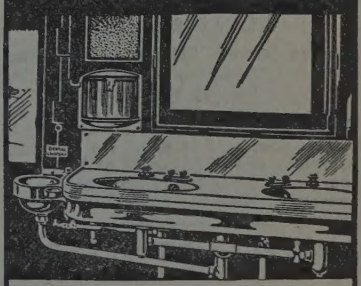

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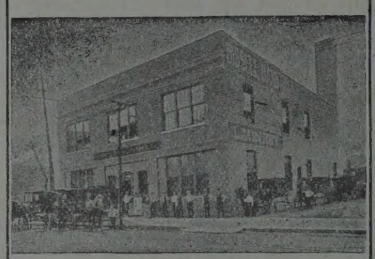

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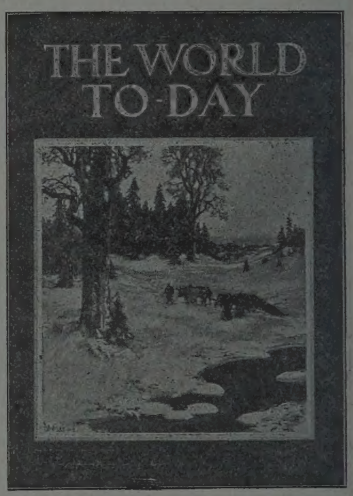

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